Cambria via streman.

JAS. C. HASSON, Editor and Proprietor. VOLUME XXX.

"HE IS A PRESMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES PRES AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1896.

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NUMBER 43.

there? Whoever it was, a signal of

"distress" was fluttering above the ves-

sel. Should Polly run and get Uncle

Ronald? When in summer during the

season of closed doors and vacant rooms

at the station, any disaster might hap-

pen on the water, the proper procedure

was to run for the keeper and notify

him. At the head of as many of the old

crew as he could gather from the corn-

fields and fish-houses, the keeper hur-

ried to the station, operating as might

be advisable. Uncle Ronald, though,

"I'll let them know they are recog-

Turning away from the staff, at

"Oh-oh!-zounds!-auntie-quick!

She was now darting through the

"Let's-take-uncle's-boat, Aunt

"Yes-yes! You can row; so can I."

"Good for ye!" cried Aunt Nabby. "I

They rushed uncle's boat down to the

firm, shelving sands. They pulled it

through the low-running surf, and soon

were alongside the schooner in distress,

ing a box to the vessel's rail. "We ran on

the rock in the night, lost our boat.

leak, and have been settlin' ever since-

there, I'll go back with ve. Then I'll

pull off and get another load. Cap'n is

in the cabin gettin' things up. You are

good to come off-women, too. Ready?

The coat was rowed ashore, the box,

precious with papers and money, car-

ried up the sands, and then the sailor

"Lemme go back alone. I will make

more room for the next load, with cap'n

"I won't marry that captain, running

on a rock," thought Polly, "He must

be stupid and homely. Give me a hand-

She thought of Cousin Joe and the

bomely captain perched in state on the

As if looking behind and discovering

"It wa'n't the fault of our cap'n that

"I wouldn't marry him anyway," si-

As the boat was rustling through the

"Now, Polly, we are the crew to-day,

you know, and must do jest as the crew

does to the shipwrecked. I'll start a fire

in the kitchen stove in the station. I

saw some coffee and sugar down there

in the pantry, and I'll git some milk and

cake and biskit. We'll fix 'em. You

watch by the stuff, as it comes. Rest

Load after load was safely brought

from the schooner, which all this time

was settling. With the last boat-load

came the captain. Polly started when

she saw him step on the sands. Why

boat nearing the land? If Cousin Joe's

picture had left the mantel-piece, and

turning up, had stepped out of the

boat, she could not have been more sur-

prised. This was Cousin Joe himself.

"Why, Cousin Joe, is it you?" she

ried, this short surfman flying up to

him, reaching as high as she could and

"I-I-I-" stammered the young

man, blushing, though not displeased.

"I-I-thank you with my whole heart

for helping us so nobly, but I am not

"Why, why!" she murmured, in con-

Another voice, though, was speaking

somebody from the station-and

laughing heartily. "Dick Warner, I do

declare ha, ha! Glad to see ye hum!

Polly, Polly, dear, come here! This is

"I thought it was Cousin Joe-that

picture on the mantel-piece," said Polly,

"No, no," screamed Aunt Nabby, "you

made a mistake. Cousin Joe is t'other

Yes, the real Cousin Joe came home

soon, and just in time to hear of the en-

gagement between a certain young fe-

male surfman and Capt. Richard Warn-

FADS AND FANCIES.

Young men of Pittsburg, Kan., have

ormed a club on an agreement to keep

their heads shaved during the summer.

picture-ha, ha! He'll be hum soon!'

blushing and hanging low her head.

throwing her arms about him.

your Cousin Joe, sorry to say!"

Not Polly's Cousin Joe?

fusion, starting back.

Dick Warner."

er.-N. Y. Ledger.

principalities.

months.

She sprang forward.

hadn't she seen it while he was in the

of the crew is agoin' to the station."

we were on that rock, or narybody's,

her thoughts, the sailor remarked:

Things will happen, you know."

or anyone that comes."

mantel-piece at the house.

lently resolved Polly.

surf, Aunt Nabby said:

some sailor."

Hum-now? All together. Pull!"

ugh we got off the rock, started a

"Quick-quick!" said a sailor, bring-

"Git your uncle, Polly!"

"Too-too-far off! Come!"

And Nabby sprang after Polly.

"What?"

"Quick!"

"We go off?"

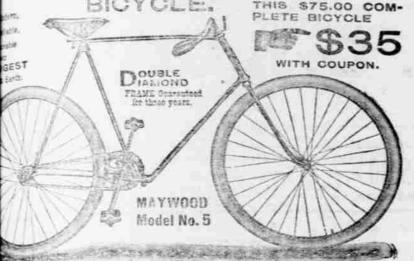
am with ye."

said:

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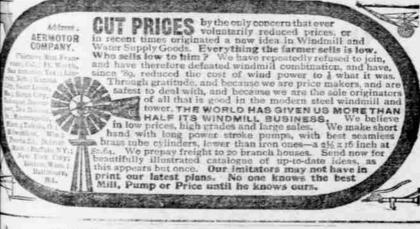
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particular, long limb Which reaches out to beckon us—to beckon you and becken me
To come and build a swing and play beneath the grandly spreading tree. Then there are notes, a bunch of them.

pledge my purpose and intent To pay them off at sundry dates at rather vigorous per cent.; But also, Paul, there is a house whose roomy attic was designed For rainy days, and little boys and blocks

DEBIT AND CREDIT.

Come, little Paul, and let me tell about this

thing which I have done— This net of debt which found my life for

yetir dear baby sake I've spin; Sit on my knee and hearken well, for you,

I know, are worldly wise, And I'm prepared to follow out what course

First, there's a mortgage, full of terms and

clauses ponderous and grim— But likewise there's a giant tree with one

of conduct you advise.

is an abstract and a deed-Which are the driest documents I ever had the woe to read. I think I signed them, but perhaps I did not sign, but only sealed. Then there's a great, green lawn which slopes to westward to a stubble

And, Paul-you follow me, of course-there

A great, green lawn where you will play; I'll buy a comrade dog for you; And there'll be plenty romping-room, and hide-and-seek locations, too; And in the evening I'll come fast hasting on the choo-choo car,

And we'll explore that stubble field, where pretty summer flowers are. Then there are bonds of rigid sort; I pledge and swear myself to these, But, on the other, credit, side there is a

wealth of cherry trees: Moreover there are legal forms filled out with words most monstrous big. But, also, there's a corner where you'll take your wooden spade to dig. So, come, my boy, imprisoned in this city

flat from day to day, And in the wisdom of your years proceed with what you have to say. A chuckle for my answer? Ah, you don't believe my bargain bad. Then prove your glad approval. Kiss your jolly, debt-encumbered dad. -Chicago Record.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

BY ALBERT DELPIT

It was just after the scandal at our elub, and a little group of us were talking in a very animated way of the affair. Capt, Joubert did not join in the conversation, and did not even seem to be listening to us.

"What will you take for your thoughts?" I said to him at last. "Oh! they are not worth much. I was thinking just then of an incident which occurred once at a club in a small provincial town where I happened to be

"Tell us about it!" exclaimed one of the other men, and the captain lightd a eigarette and, putting his elbow on he mantel-shelf against which he had een leaning, began his story:

"Well, it was when I was in garrion at M, one of the dullest and most stunid of provincial towns. There was pothing in the world for a fellow to lo with himself there, no theater even, enly a low music-hall.

"When I was off duty I gradually got into the habit of turning in to the Union club, which, by-the-bye, was the only one the town possessed.

"it was called the 'Union,' I should ipingine because there was always a lispute of some kind or another going on there. There was very little play at this club except at the time of the three annual fairs, each of which lasted a week. One autumn afternoon, est at the opening of one of these fair. happened to go to the club rather early. There were a fair number of men there that day who were strangers to me, wealthy farmers of the neighborhood, who rarely came into town, and the various owners of the country houses

" "They are playing high to-day,' said one of the habitues of the club to me. ! turned round towards the table to watch the game, and was so surprised at the sight of one of the players that I almost exclaimed.

"It was a young man of some 22 or 23 years of age, whom I knew by sight. I was very much interested him, for his father had fought courconsly at Magenta and had been killed on the field of batcle, leaving is widow and son by no means well provided for. The young man came ery rarely to the club, and I had never een bim touch a card before. I was stupefied therefore to see him holdog the bank, and a good bank it was oo, for there were plenty of notes and old coins heaped up in front of him. 'How much?' called out one of the

"Oh!" laughed a wealthy farmer, M. de Mertens is in luck's way; he can afzly keep his bank open." "I noticed that the young man's face was deadly pale, and there was an excited look in his eyes.

"'Open bank,' he said, and it seemed is though the very words had changed

"Ten times running Mertens lost, and in a quarter of an hour his bank was cleared out. Another man took is place and the play went on. It got so exciting that I, too, was fascinated, and joined in. There was no room to sit down at the table, so I continued anding, holding my hat in my hand ed throwing my winnings into it. I had a run of luck, and went on playing in the most excited way until I was startled by some one calling out; 'You are being robbed, captain!"

"I started, and instinctively seized a hand-which had knocked against mine (brough my sudden movement. It was M. de Mertens' hand, and he held the £40 note which he had just taken out of my hat. The wretched man's face was convulsed with emotion. Our eyes met; his were dilated with terror, and there was a look in them that seemed to hold me spell-

bound. said, haughtily, to the man who had warned me; 'and I am surprised that on should dare to bring such an accusation against a gentleman whose rep-

utation is so well known." "The individual who had called out and never been to the club before, and did not know M. de Mertens at all. We had all been standing round the table close to each other, and on seeing another player put his hand into my hot, it was very natural that the man should have thought it his duty to warn me. On hearing my explanation

he apologized most aumply to M. de Mertens, and several of the acquaintances of the latter gathered round and expressed their regret that such an in-

sult should have been offered him. "We then continued our play, and M. de Mertens soon after left the club. Three days passed, and I heard nothing more of the young man. In shielding him as I had done, my first thought had been of his father, and I had determined to save from disgrace the name of the brave soldier of Magenta. Of course, I could quite understand that the young man should now shrink from seeing me again, but still it struck ne as rather strange that in some way, ither direct or indirect, he did not attempt to express his thanks.

"One evening, however, just as I was going out to pay some visits, my orderly informed me that a lady wished to see me. I went into the drawing-room, and there I found a woman of about 45 years of age. She was very dignifiedlooking, and there was an open, honest expression about her face which fascinated me.

"'I am Madame de Mertens,' she said, simply. 'My son told me everything about the affair at the club, and I have come to thank you with all my heart for having preserved for us intact the honor of our name.' " 'Madame ___,' I began; but she in-

terrupted me in her emotion and nerv-"'My son had got entangled in various ways, and in desperation had taken to play. It appears he had lost every

penny he possessed that night. You know the rest, alas!' "I felt very much embarrassed, for the poor mother's grief was terrible to witness. She was still standing there in front of me, her face was deadly pale, and the tears were trembling on

her long dark eyelashes. "'He is young, madame; you must not take it to heart so,' I stammered. 'It was just a moment's weakness. I will see your son, and-' "'No, captain,' she said, shaking her

head, sadly, 'he is no longer here · · he has enlisted, and is already on his way with the regiment." We had all been listening attentively to Capt. Joubert's story, and when he stopped speaking there was silence for

a few minutes. "And what happened to M. de Merens, captain?" asked one of the group 'Did you ever hear?"

"He is dead. * * * Six months ago I received a letter from Kelung-a pitiful little letter-written with very pale ink, and on a sheet of paper that was all crumpled and yellow with age. There were only a few lines for me to read. I know them by heart. They were as follows:

"I am mortally wounded * * Admiral Courbet has just brought me the cross; but * * * I am dying. I am sending it to you, my poor cross · * for you saved me, and I should like you to wear it * * *

"This is why, my friends, instead of wearing the decoration which I received from the chancellor, you always see me with the sergeant's cross which poor Mertens sent me. Poor boy! To think that he started as a thief, and died a hero's death at Kelung." Strand Magazine.

BESIEGED BY NUNS.

Wonderful Tale of a Conquered Monastery on the Canary Islands. A curious tale of a besieged and con mered monastery belongs to the early history of the Canary islands, and is retold by Charles Edwardes in his description of the isles. In the early part of the eighteenth century there lived in Orotava, on the Island of Teneriffe, a convent of Dominican nuns, who, after some years of ease, had the misfortune to be burned out of house and home They went into temporary quarters for a year, but became d'ssatisfied with uch unconventional walls, and began poking about for a permanent abiding place. At that time there was in Orotava a house of Jesuits which had lost its former importance, and, though commodious and healthful, gave lodging to but two men, the rector of the house and his assistant. On this mansion the nuns cast

covetous eyes, and soon resolved to appropriate it. One morning about 40 of them advanced against it, by strategy induced the Jesuit brother to open the onter gate, and then, trooping into the courtvard, fell on their knees, thanking God for this preliminary success. In vain did the two monks reason with them on their scandalous conduct. They merely held their ground, exclaiming: "Father Andrew, this is a large cage for so few birds!" Some of the more reasonable members of the sisterhood explained that they were really in need of a dwelling as spacious as this, and that they did not propose leaving it. The rector, in despair, fled into the sacristy, from which retreat he exerted his colleague to be of good cheer. "Patience, brother," cried he, "and do your best to extricate yourself from those ladies!" That, however, was more easily said than done, especially as the nuns were becoming a excited that they might momentarily have been expected to resort to the argument of nails. The siege lasted for three or four hours. News of it flew about the town, and bands of young men, scrupulously neutral, watched proceedings from the bars of the outer gate. Eventually the Jesuits yielded and the nuns occupied the house until a new convent, entirely to their taste. was erected for them.-London Globe

LITTLE MISCELLANY.

At the Drummond eastle disaster nearly all the bodies found had life belts on and only three persons were saved.

The mayor of Flint, Mich., receives no alary. The late mayor, who recently tetired from office, was so highly esteemed that the common council voted n appropriation to him. They awarded him one dollar.

A Belgian pedestrian walked from Antwerp to Brussels, 28 miles, in two days, walking ten hours a day. The entire distance he walked backward. His shoes had slight heels under the toes. Two pretended Cuban patriots se ured dollars for the war in Portland,

ies, by the old dodge of selling what they sa'd were smuggled Havana eigars. Furchasers since have been expressing the opinion that, smoked in Cuba, the gars would be of more efficacy than insurgent ammenition.

A UNDE OF TELEFAIRIT.

Old Lady Appeared in a Vision at the Time of Her Death. A gentleman took a house in Ireland for six months and was accompanied thither by his wife and daughters, says Realm. The house was furnished and had plenty of bedrooms. Therefore it was decided not to use a certain large, long room with cupboards along one side (which had all been locked and sealed up with tape) in which things belonging to the owners of the house had been put away. One evening one of the daughters going to her room saw an old lady wrapped in a shawl walking along the passage in front of her. The old lady appeared to know her way and hurried on without besitation into the unused room. The girl called ber sister and they followed the dame into the room. But all was silent; no one was there; the dust lying about showed no

signs of footprints. Shortly after the same young lady was reading on the hearthrug by firelight. Looking up she beheld the old lady standing in the doorway watching her. Greatly frightened, she sprang up and, rushing downstairs, was found fainting at the drawing-room door. At last the family returned to Dublin. One day when a friend was calling the curious incident which I have narrated was referred to. The young lady very unwillingly told her experiences. The visitor seemed much struck and asked for an accurate description of the old lady "For," said she, "that house belonged to two old ladies, sisters, and when they let their house they went to reside at Geneva. One of them, answering exactly to the description you have given, died at the time you saw her appear.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

Curious Case of Catalepsy at Hospital de Pont-PEveque at Deauville. The Temps reports a curious case of catalepsy which for several weeks has been engaging the attention of the doctors at the Hopital de Pont-l'Eveque at Deauville, reports the New York Herald. On the morning of July 25 last a young man, quite naked, was found on a seat at Deauville sleeping soundly. It was found impossible to awaken him and he was carried to the hospital.

During three weeks he remained in a cataleptic condition at Deauville, Photographs were taken of him and circulated in the district, but without being recognized. On Thursday evening the unknown man awoke and, surprised at finding himself in a hospital ward, questioned his neighbors as to how, he came to be there.

"But it is impossible!" he exclaimed, on being told where he was. "I am in Paris and I have never left it. Only vesterday I was working for my employer, a packer in the Faubourg du Temple.

He stated that his name was Louis P-, aged 21 years, living in Paris with his father. Upon a telegram being sent to the address given the father replied by sending money and clothing for his son.

Louis P-- has returned to Paris without solving the mystery of his strange adventure.

AN AMBER FISH.

A Fish Well Known in Southern Waters, But One Rarely Seen Here. The amber fishes—there are several

species of them-belong to the family that contains the crevalles, the pom pances, the banded pilot, the horsefish, and the threadfish. In shape they are nearest like the pilot fishes; they bear a general resemblance in shape, however, to the bluefish, though not nearly related to that fish. They are rapid and powerful swimmers and great travelers. The amber fishes are found in nearly all tropical and temperate waters; in the Mediterranean, the waters of the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico, and in various parts of the Pacific ocean. Some of them are excellent food fishes-all are shapely and beautiful. The larger of them may attain a length of four feet or more and a weight of 50 pounds. Large amber fishes are common on the coast of California, where they are among the most celebrated of the game fishes.

On this coast, says the New York Sun, the amber fish comes as far north as Cape Cod, but rarely; one taken in a pound net in Gravesend bay in July of the present year is perhaps the first of its particular species of which there is record here. This fish was a little more than 33 inches in length, and it weighed about 13 pounds.

DOINGS THE WORLD OVER. W. H. Mallock is to edit a new London

weekly modeled after the Spectator, but to be sold for half its price.

New Zealand's legislative council has just voted to exclude the Chinese and all other Asiatics from the colony.

In commemoration of the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the see of Canterbury, it is proposed to crect a statue of Theodore of Tarsus, the only Greek archbishop of Canterbury.

By a fire in the Rumanzieff museum at Moscow the Panin hall, containing the public library of the city, was destroyed. The collections in the adjacent Rumanzieff and Dolgorouki galleries are damaged by water.

Robinson Crusoe's island, Juan Fernandez, is said to have disappeared in the earthquake which shook up Chili last March. The Chilian government has sent a vessel to verify the story.

In the banks of London are deposits to the amount of £6,5:3,017, which have remained unclaimed for 30 years. During that time the depositors have not added to their accounts, nor drawn upon them; consequently they are supposed to be dead.

THE SOUTHERN CONTINENTS.

Chili has just had the first presidential election in its history without a row. In Central South America eggs,

cocoanuts and chocolate pass as curtency of the realm. A farmer in the little settlement of Hay, New South Wales, with the aid of his three sons, poisoned 16,000 rabbits

in one night. Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world. It is cheapest in China.

Indian elephants cannot live in Central Africa, the home of a larger and more hardy species.

A FEMALE CREW.

"Now which one?" asked Polly, and she stood on tiptoe that she might determine the point.

She was a plump Polly. She was a short Polly, and the mantelpiece was a high one, so that there was no other thing to do than to stand on tiptoe while she gazed at two faces and wondered: "Which one?"

though young, was old enough to take a very positive interest in masculine faces. She had already decided which one she would like to marry, and would she have been surprised if some day, out of that surface of paper on the mantel-piece, had broken a voice: "Polly, my dear, as

But he had maintained a grave silence because only a picture, for which reason nobody could claim credit for unusual discretion of speech for a man. Yes, dumb, dumb, and that gave Polly's warm affection a chill. Then he was her "first cousin Joe," and a kind of a brother, was he not? That gave her marrying fever a still colder chill. This young man was very handsome. His eyes were as expressive as Polly's, and that is saying a good deal. Her eyes were black, soft and loving. Anyone that had eyes as handsome as Polly Ricker's owned an excellent piece of property. His features were very reg ular. The lines of his mouth showed firmness, yet tenderness, and Polly first looking round to see if Aunt Nabby were "peckin'," had kissed the picture the very day of our story Aunt Nabby was not given, though, to "peekin'." That very moment she was frying doughnuts because Polly liked them. The other picture on the mantel piece was that of an honest, reliable soul: but Polly had no affection for him. She was a visitor under the roof, and it the two weeks that her visit had stretched across, she had learned very much about the history of beings whos only presence was that of pictures. Had not Aunt Nabby said that this plain, sensible face belonged to a sailor, a young captain?

Polly's opinion.

out of a window fronting the sea and to

pity sailors.

sands. Uncle Ronald was a big, burly, goodnatured kind of a fellow. Aunt Nabby was a slim, slender woman, whose thoughts were quick moving, darting out like swallows' wings, and her eye sparkled like a run of brook water the day the spring has lifted the lid of ice

covering it. the hearing of Polly at the window:

t'other side of the back pastur'." "I will. Ronald." Ronald Ricker left the room.

start soon."

soon charged upon the station and captured it without difficulty. Windows were thrown up, the brooms set to whisking, and the dust routed.

to step, landing on the threshold of

look-off from the look-out on the roof."

about, and supporting a flagstaff. Here on clear days a watch was kept by the surfmen. If need be, a signal could be run up to the top of the staff, and any needy eraft on the water promptly instructed.

will have it so to-day."

to the lookout she halted in a little recess and examined the box of signals kent there. Since her arrival she had been very much interested in the signal department, and, instructed by Uncle Ronald, felt that she could now handle those signals as readily as the keeper

from the shore!"

her heart and the sisted consbulary nermolds.—Brooklyn Eagle.

BY ARDEN.

They were not female faces, but Polly,

was off on a "tater-patch," a mile away. In the meantime the whole United States navy, ducking their heads one after the other, could sink off this very "Wasn't a female erew running this station to-day?" soliloquized Polly. "I'll answer that signal myself." The schooner was so near the shore I love you, will you marry me?"

that if her sails had been set the appro priate signal would have been the JD of the international code of signals: 'You are standing in todanger," but this ressel had dropped her canvas, as if meaning to halt anyway, and then she had a suspicious look, as if sinking. nized, and that they may expect help, thought Polly, working swiftly. whose head now fluttered this signal ike a tongue of cheering speech, Polly ran down the short stairway into the rew's night quarters, then down the stairs, dropping to the kitchen, and eried, in jerks: Danger!" outer door. Nabby!"

"Oh, the other is a seaman only; but I had rather marry a handsome sailor than a homely, stiff captain," was

She sighed. She was thinking that the handsomsailor was only Cousin Joe. She hesitated a moment, kissed the photograph again, and then went downstairs to look

Everybody in the neighborhood had something to do with the sea, which was only a bit of a way off, and kept rounding night and day on the rocks, making all the fuss it could to attract as much attention as possible. To keep this unruly sea in any kind of subjection every one must do something. Uncle Ronald Ricker was the keeper of the yellow lifesaving station on the rim of the gray

Said Uncle Ronald to Aunt Nabby, in

"I'd like to have you, Nabby, clean up at the station, if you will, sweep round and so on. Nothin' doin' there in summer, but I want to keep things sort of slicked up, and I'll low you the pay for it. I've got to be off to my tater-patch

"Polly, soon as I have finished these ere doughnuts then-come on!" cried Aunt Nabby. "We will run that lifesavin' station this forenoon. They shall have a female crew to-day. You get the brooms ready. It is a worn-out thing down at the station. We'll be lively and

A small but sprightly broom-brigade

The living-room below, the men's headquarters by day, speedily was swept. The boatroom, with its apparatus of surfboat and breeches-buoy, lifecar and Lyle gun, rockets and signals, received prompt attention, and this floor also was thoroughly swept. Aunt Nabby remained to do some "cleaning out" behind the door where one of the other but less particular erew had left a heap of dirt. Polly, singing away, went upstairs hopping like a robin from step

the masculine crew's quarters by night. "The beds look all right," said Polly, eying six iron beds, neatly covered with bedding and set in two prim rows along the northern and southern walls of the room. "Yes, they look all right, but I know those men didn't sweep under the beds. N-o, before I sweep, I'll take a

This was a platfrom on the roof, railed

"Guess women's eyes can see as quick as men's," murmured Polly, "and we

On her way up a short flight of steps

"Don't I wish that Cousin Joe, whom I never saw only in his picture, were off on the water and needed some signaling If she had followed the promptings of

One box gelatine dissolved in a kitchen cupful of water. In one hour's time pour on this a cupful of boiling water. Stir until melted, then add two cups of sugar, a stick of cinnamon, the grated rind of an orange and a lemon, the juice of three oranges and a lemon and a cup of sherry. If one objects to the wine more lemon juice may be substituted. Strain through a cloth and pour into

MUSICAL NOTES.

column, 1 year.....

Dresden now has a concert hall on the model of the new Gewandhaus at Leipzig that will seat 1,400 persons.

Mascagni is composing an opera on a Japanese libretto by Sig. Illico for the fall season at La Scala, Milan. Wagner's violin teacher, Robert Sipp, who is now 90 years of age, was pres-

Reginald de Koven, who has set to music a number of Eugene Fields' poems, is writing new music for some of the poet's later lullabies.

Lasalle, the baritone, who, it was Paris Opera Comique next winter.

anniversary of Franz Schubert next year by an exhibition of objects connected with the composer and a series of performances of his works,

"Don't Tell Her That You Love Her," which is to appear in an early edition

Paderewski has written a new minuet for the piano. He has dedicated it to his American admirers and calls it 'Menuet Moderne," in contradistinction to his famous "Menuet a l'An-

tique," which was written in 1883. Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, has written an opera libretto in French on a Turkish plot for M. Massanet. The queen is probably the only living author who has written verse in four languages, French, Ger-

The wife of Li Hung Chang is said to possess 2,000 frocks and has half that number of waiting women in at-

The late Jules Simon's library contained about 25,000 books, to which he could go, he insisted, with his eyes closed and find the exact volume which he wanted.

in the old Chatcau di la Tour de Pinon, which is thought to be the one ordered for Joan of Arc by Charles VIL, during the siege of Orleans, and presented to her at Bourges. It is said to correspond exactly in the description handed down and was made for a woman five feet three inches in height. The girl who sat as model for Sir

Herrin' " and "Sweetest Eyes Were Ever Seen" is now a married woman, residing in a pretty home in Richmond, where one of her dearest prizes is a signed proof of "Cinderella" on the wall. She also possesses a beautiful gold locket given her by the artist as a remembrance of the famous picture. England is taking quite good-naturedly the fact that a bold snap-shot artist saught the prince of Wales and

Princess Charles of Denmark recently and is now exhibiting them through the medium of the cinematographe, in which the prince gravely lifts his kat from his head and strokes his bair much as any man does, while the charming princess calmly adjusts the ruffles about her throat in exact imitation of all her sisters who wish to know that they are "all right."

stamp of 60 cents, lilac and black.

due, and the two shillings yellow.

thief disgorge, or pay for their plunder, they drop the matter right there, whereas the government never forgets or for-The ancient feudal castle of Abin, near fluy, in the province of Liege, Belgium, which was sold some years ago by Count of Looz-Coswarem, has been purchased by the heirs of the count. One

stamps of nineteen cuartos, which are now very rare. Philadelphia has a Philatelic society, with nearly a hundred active members. It meets twice a month throughout the year, and at the meetings the issues of new stamps are discussed, also the fluctuations in values. Very rare stamps are occasionally exhibited, as many of

and some have priceless arbums. Fifteen Miles.

been fired is a few yards over 15 miles, which was the range of Krupp's 130ton steel gun, firing a shot weighing 2,-600 pounds, says Spare Moments. The 111-ton Armstrong gun has an extreme range of 14 miles, firing a shot weighing 1,800 pounds, and requiring 960 pounds of powder. These guns, however, proved too expensive, being unable to stand firing 100 times, and their manufacture has practically been abandoned. The 22-ton Armstrong gun hurls a solid shot charge of the gun cannot be heard at the place where the ball strikes. From 12 to 13 miles is the computed range of the most powerful guns now made, and to obtain that range an elevation of nearly 45 degrees is found to be necessary. pended upon at the present day than extreme length of range, and in this respect what is considered the most wonderful of guns, perhaps, is one of the Maxims, which can fire as many as 600 shots a minute, and yet is so light that a soldier can carry it strapped to his

What It Meant. A little maiden of seven years attended the wedding of an elder brother. The Episcopal service, heard for the first time, made a deep impression on her mind. A few days after she called to see the bride, and found her sitting on her husband's lap. Looking at them wistfully for a few moments, she exclaimed: "Oh, yes; I see-to have and I to hold."-N. Y. Journal.

London society was startled on a recent Sunday by seeing half a dozen inrickashas drawn by coolies at the hurch parade in Hyde Park. Forty Carthage, Mo., girls have start-

pienie and wading party, as exclusive as Diana's bathing parties before Acteon's advent. The German empress possesses unique tea service. The tea tray Las been beaten out of an old Prussian halfpenny, the teapot is made out of a

German farthing, and the tiny cups are

made from coins of different German

ed a local fad by having a breakfast

Increase of Penalty. The old penalty against a German soldier or sailor of the standing army or navy who left the Fatherland was a fine of 200 marks or 40 days' imprisonment. That has now been raised to 1,000 marks' fine, or imprisonment for four

Advertising Rates

The large and reliable circulation of the Gameria Frankas commends it to the inverble consideration of advertisers whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

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ent at this summer's performances at

Bayreuth.

supposed, had left the stage, will appear in "The Flying Dutchman" at the Vienna will celebrate the hundredth

Paul Dresser, the song writer and author of "Just Tell Them That You Saw Me," has written a new piece called

of Ev'ry Month.

man, Swedish and Roumanian.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

tendance upon her.

A suit of armor has been discovered

John Millais' "Cinderella," "Callin'

STAMPS AND COLLECTORS. A Belgium has issued a railway paciet Cape of Good Hope, 21/2 pence is how

In Italy a new postal card is to be ssued, on the occasion of the inauguration of the monument to Victor Emanuel. It will be of the value of ten centimes, and bear the effigy of that mon-Stamp dealers give valuable aid to

government officials in capturing stamp

thieves, but, of course, solely on their

own account. If they can make the

of the curiosities of the castle is a room papered entirely with old Spanish

the members are advanced collectors,

LONG RANGE OF CANNON. One of Krupp's Guns Carries a Shot Over The longest distance that a shot has

for a distance of 12 miles, and the dis-Quick-firing guns are more to be deback.